



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 07491879 2

NCV
white





THE
ADVENTURES

OF

JOHN OF GAUNT,
DUKE OF LANCASTER.

By JAMES WHITE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF EARL STRONGBOW, CONWAY
CASTLE, &c.

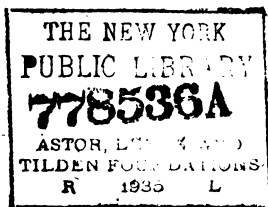
V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY JOHN CROWDER,
FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

M,DCC,XC.

72 13



NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
JOHN OF GAUNT,
DUKE OF LANCASTER.

V I S I T XIII.

THE duke was early on the
ensuing day. No sooner,
said he, had the first usher con-
cluded, than the second began his
history in the following words :

VOL. II. B. The

2 ADVENTURES OF

The humiliations, brother, and the miseries which I have experienced are in no wise inferior to your own. I was born in an obscure village in the North of England, of parents who maintained themselves by agriculture. My father would fain have had me follow the same profession ; but my grandfather, whose wife had been the daughter of a Welsh vicar, was desirous of beholding me in the pulpit, and being a positive old man, over-ruled my reluctant family. It was determined, therefore,

fore, that, as soon as I had laid in sufficient Latin, I should apply to be admitted a Servitor at the university of Oxford.

At length the time arrived when I quitted my native fields for a venerable dormitory in the college of St. John. In this lowly condition of life, I employed myself diligently in acquiring the countenance and assistance of my superiors, amongst whom one Doctor Absalom had most compassion on me. This was a Senior Fellow, of a little

4 ADVENTURES OF

round fat body, and of the deepest erudition. He possessed withal a sort of ferocious good-nature, if so I may denominate it; he would do one a friendly action very readily, but with a roughness and inclemency of air and language that were truly mortifying to the object of his benignity. He was pleased to harbour a good opinion of me, which I repaid and improved by emptying his spitting-pot, waxing his boots, dusting his library, and such like dutiful behaviour. At times too, in a case of need, I even
harnessed

JOHN OF GAUNT. 9

harnessed his palfrey. I must def-
cant, for a moment, on this extra-
ordinary beast. Doctor Absalom
was the most regular of mortals :
he went out every day to take the
air, exactly at the hour of noon.
His palfrey, which grazed in a little
field adjoining to the chambers of
its lord, used to come up to the
back door, when the great clock
struck twelve, as if praying to be
saddled and bridled : infomuch
that in all the colleges, and even in
the town of Oxford, it became
proverbial to say, *as punctual as*

6 ADVENTURES OF

Doctor Absalom's palfrey. At half after one they returned, invariably observing the same exactitude. Neighbours, it is past one, would they cry in the adjacent villages, for there goes Doctor Absalom.

To his kindness was I indebted for fundry tuitions of youthful and raw students, heirs-apparent of wealthy families, who, incapable of crawling through their studies without help, and of appearing with credit at the lectures of the public tutor, often purchased the
private

JOHN OF GAUNT: 7

private aid of some pains-taking
Servitor (though God knows I
was but ill stored with erudition
myself) to prop them, like a
crutch, in the avenues to science,
and to moisten, with preparatory
showers of instruction, the native
hardness of the brain, ere the lec-
turer could cultivate it.

But alas! brother usher, (and
to your faithful bosom I avow it)
this office was not always dis-
charged with due integrity. In-
stead of copious showers, my pu-

B 4

pils

8 ADVENTURES OF

pils had but transitory mizzlings for their money. I deemed it more my interest to flatter their love of idleness, than to obtrude Greek and Latin upon persons of their quality, many of whom had *rights of advowson* with their estates, and might chance, if I behaved agreeably, to present me one day to a vacant benefice. Tully, therefore, and Demosthenes were frequently rejected for a game at back-gammon: we discoursed more of horses and harlots, than of Aquinas and Duns Scotus, and drank
fewer

fewer draughts from the fountain of Helicon, than from the flaggon of Canary. I now and then conducted them to a house of ill repute, and introduced them to pleasant damsels who plied without the city. But ere long the parents and kinsmen of some of them began to make remarks on their slow progress in literature, and to complain that the youths had contracted a broad accent; and a meanness of manners, which some were so uncharitable as to attribute to me.

At length fate, or the devil, would have it that I should desire to become an usher. I grew weary of a college life, and was impatient to scour off its rust, and to refine my manners, in the mansion of some noble family. Accordingly, one morning I brushed my garments very clean, and put on my best shoes and stockings; then repaired to Doctor Absalom, to acquaint him with my wish, and beseech him to recommend me to some illustrious house, as an eligible person to be usher. Brother, I shall

shall never forget the interview on that occasion. I have already described to you the character of Doctor Abfalom. He had a custom of lathering his head, and was performing the operation when I entered his apartment. At such times he looked doubly uncouth, the white suds overwhelming his crown, and gliding here and there down his visage. Scarce had I unfolded my petition, when he exclaimed, with a voice more similar to the bellowing of a bull, than to the accents of a human being,

Blessed

Blessed Dominick ! what is this I hear ?—Jenkins an usher !—Why, creature, what demon of darkness hath possessed thee, that thou shouldst dream of an occupation for which thou art no more fitted, (so help me Heaven) than thou art to be made Lord Chamberlain to the Pope ?—Eh !—[Here the Doctor rubbed his head, then paused, then rubbed afresh, eying me ever and anon most sternly] Why, creature, thou canst not even pull off thy cap, or take a spoonful of gravy with common propriety,

propriety, and yet thou proposest to teach nice breeding in the castles of the magnificent.—Eh!—Merciful Mother of God!—Why, Jenkins, thou art such a mean-looking hound too, that no daughter of a baron will vouchsafe to be rectified by thee. Holy Peter!—Eh!—That shambling gait of thine, and that infernal Northern dialect, would offend and alarm a very Saracen: it is as if Nature had sworn that thou shouldst be no usher. Go, man, seek a curacy in some desolate district: go, snuffle
the

the word of God to the rustic and illiterate parish where thou first sawest the light.—Eh!—Besides, Jenkins, thou hast a sweaty face, and crooked legs, two things that young women abhor. Oh! fie, oh! fie, oh! fie.

Thus spake the Doctor Absalom. Grieved and shocked as I was at this reception, I collected sufficient courage to reply, That although I was conscious of very many defects, sinner as I was, yet I hoped with a blessing to compensate for them
all,

all, by what I considered to be the essential thing in ushership, to wit, an incorruptible rigour and solemnity. Rigour and solemnity! quoth the Doctor, pish! My patience was exhausted by this last *pish*! I burst into tears, and bewailed my sad condition. He was touched, I believe, with my sorrow, and repented him a little of the unmerciful and mortifying expressions he had made use of. Having ruminated for some moments, he wiped his head, saying, Well, if you are absolutely bent upon the thing,

I will

I will do what I am able. The lady dowager de la Zouch, a discreet relict, hath occasion for a steady usher, to conduct her only daughter, the lady Isabella. A word from me will be your passport into her family: you may look upon yourself as already settled there.

At this unexpected turn of fortune, my tears were arrested in their course, my face brightened. I will ride to the castle this day, continued the doctor, to-morrow, at furthest,

furthest, you shall hear from me.

This threw me into a transport of joy. In the fervour of my zeal and gratitude, I seized his boots, and waxed them with uncommon fury ; disarranged his volumes with strenuously dusting them ; held the spitting-pot out of the window, though it needed not to be emptied, * and, in my hurry down the stairs, to put the saddle on the palfrey, made a hideous rent in my raiment, by a nail that was in the banister. This cast a transient
gloom

* Et si nulla pulvis erit, tamen excute nullam. Ov.

gloom over my rapture: I could not avoid moralizing, while I fad-
 dled the beast, on the chequered
 condition of human affairs, and
 reflecting how seldom the cup of
 joy is presented to us pure, and
 unadulterated with disquietude.

The palfrey accoutred, I re-
 turned to Doctor Absalom, who
 opened one of his drawers, and,
 taking out some money, cried,
 Here, Rigour and Solemnity, are
 five nobles* for thee, to purchase
 a staff

* A coin worth six shillings and eight pence.

a staff of ebony, and other necessaries. I kissed his hand with unquestionable reverence, and aided him to draw on his boots; he meanwhile uttering at each exertion, in a low voice, and partly through his nose, the disjointed syllables *rig—or and—solem—nity*.

As soon as he was mounted, and out of my sight, I hastened to my dormitory in order to adjust my person for my approaching preferment. I scoured my face with sand, and afterwards with bran and buttermilk, till I verily thought

I should

I should have flead it. (As for my legs, I could not improve them.)

I borrowed a mirrour from a shaver of mine acquaintance, and disposed my beard, (of which I had but little) by combing and stretching it, to the best advantage. The next thing I did, after vamping my injured apparel, was to buy me a staff of ebony, and a small bit of ambergris, to subdue unlucky odours, and cause me to smell genteelly. The remainder of the day I spent before the mirrour, in practising four looks, and an orderly exterior

exterior, and in handling my staff of ebony after an usherlike fashion.

I slept but little that night. The next morning the good doctor Abfalom acquainted me that I was now a domestic of the lady dowager de la Zouch, and must appear at her mansion without delay. Moreover he generously lent me his palfrey. I journeyed with such alacrity, that I soon reached the place of my destination, A precise steward received me in the hall, and enquired if I were the person
of

of whom Doctor Absalom had spoken. Upon hearing that I was he led me to his lady, who was sitting in a grand apartment, with a maiden sister and the beauteous Isabella. They were a great way from the fire, and working a set of bed-curtains in red and yellow squares. Honest friend, said the lady dowager——But first, brother, it is requisite that I should describe to you the three persons in whose presence I then stood.

The lady dowager de la Zouch.

was

was now seven years a widow, and had seen four and forty winters. She was of the middle size, and a religious inclination. To this latter I imputed the grave and composed air for which she was distinguishable. Her head-dress was formal, but not unfashionable; her ruff plain, but not inelegant; her gown sober, but not melancholy. It was striped black and white, a judicious sort of garment for the advanced state of widowhood, betokening that the wearer is neither utterly out of mourning, nor yet altogether

altogether dismal. It is, moreover, a kind of indirect declaration, that she who puts it on disdaineth a second husband. Depart, ye widow hunters, whensoever ye behold, in the relict ye pursue, an inflexible attachment to this black and white attire. It is the signal for ye to despair; it is a flag proclaiming that both her heart and her jointure bid defiance to mankind.

The lady Isabella was in her seventeenth year, beautiful, pensive, and of a tender turn of mind. Her

hair, in innumerable pretty curls, adorned her ivory forehead, over which a sable ostrich feather nodded not unpleasingly. Her eyes were of a love-announcing blue, her cheeks just tinted with carnation, her nose well finished, her mouth pleasant, her chin inimitable. If I dare make a criticism, her face was a little too broad. Tall was her stature; in her shape the hand of symmetry was manifest. Her own hands, which the frequent threading of her needle displayed to full advantage, were small, ta-

per, white, and delicate. As she lived with a correct mother and a maiden aunt, her shoulders were immoderately down and back ; in-
somuch that her carriage bordered somewhat upon stiffness. (This last, brother, is a point which appertains to our vocation.) I was informed by her waiting-women that she had the finest elbows upon earth.

Her aunt was a virgin, over whose discontented head some five and forty summers had stolen. She was near six feet high. Her
waist,

waist, with tight lacing, was not very unlike a cloak-bag, which hath been well packed, and placed upon one end. Her black hair was combed up, as if it were starting by the roots from her brown and withered forehead, while her dull grey eyes seemed to shed a malign influence on all around her. There was something also about her mouth inexpressibly ill-natured. Her ruff was stiffened up to the most outrageous extremity, and her robe was of a glaring yellow.

Such were the noble persons in whose presence I then appeared.

Honest friend, said the lady dowager, still stitching at proper intervals, you are indebted to doctor Absalom for the ready introduction you obtain into my family. Many ushers have already applied, whose recommendation and deportment were unexceptionable; but my respect and value for the opinion of doctor Absalom have determined me to give you the preference, being thoroughly persuaded
that

that that pious and good man would not have given you so high a character, unless you had well deserved it. Your appearance, I must own, is not exceedingly in your favour. Nevertheless, as the doctor hath described you to be one whose diligence is unwearied, and whose morals are irreproachable, [a grievous untruth, my dear brother, Heaven knows] and a man too of extraordinary strictness and austerity of nature, I employ you in my service, and confide to your inspection the conduct and demeanour of

the lady Isabella. I am the more cautious with regard to what ushers I take in, as divers irreligious and audacious persons, vulgar in their manners, language, and conceptions, have lately gone about, and gained admission into noble houses, by tying on false beards, and hypocritically affecting a severity of aspect, to the infinite detriment of the repose of families, and to the peril, nay the undoing of youthful damsels.

Little was the lady dowager de
la

la Zouch aware how nearly some parts of her oration struck at me. I thanked her, however, for her goodness, in a style so very neat, that doubtless she was in some degree puzzled to understand it. For (to confess to you, brother, my follies, as you have yours to me) I had bethought me of a way of chopping my words small, and of racing through every sentence, endeavouring thereby to smother my native accent. As I quitted the apartment, I observed with some chagrin, that the sister of my lady

dowager had conceived a hatred to me, which the inauspicious motion of her mouth and nostrils rendered but too evident. But our aversion was reciprocal. I thwarted her most favourite measure of pinioning the lady Isabella, whom I counselled, indeed enjoined to allow herself more ease and comfort in the shoulders, by adopting a middle method, so as neither to shove them up to her ears on, all occasions, like a hoyden of thirteen, nor yet to strain them backwards, like a maiden of five and forty.

forty. This condescension of mine was the more grateful to the damsel, as she had taught herself to expect from me nothing but opposition, and an unrelenting rigidity.

The sister of my lady resented this so vehemently—Here the duke of Lancaster suspended his narration, much to the sorrow of the noble earl of Marche, who conjured him to come early on the ensuing day, and continue the history of Jenkins, the second usher.

V I S I T XIV.

JOHN OF GAUNT, faith
friar Hildebrand, was not forgetful
of the impatience testified by the
lord Edmond Mortimer, to whose
castle he repaired about noon.
Having jested a little upon the
calling and condition of ushers, he
proceeded in the following man-
ner :

ner : The sister of my lady, said the second usher, resented my conduct so vehemently, that she exerted all her malice to procure my overthrow. She even went so far as to affirm to the lady dowager, that her usher had the itch, and was unfit to handle a young woman of distinction. Whereupon I was examined by the steward and the housekeeper, touching my bodily condition, who generously reported that I was *as clean as a new trencher*.

Nevertheless this acquittal could not rescue my importance from receiving a rude shock by this cruel accusation. Ever after, when I attempted to assume dignity in the buttery, the domestics would spread their fingers, and inspect between their knuckles, in an arch and grave manner, an action which afflicted me unspeakably. This was the first disgrace I experienced in my usherly capacity ; it opened an avenue to fresh misfortunes, most of which I owed to the maiden sister of my lady. I have
known

known many ancient maidens, of both high and low degree, who possessed as much good-nature, and even as much hilarity, as any married dame in the parish. They could lace themselves as loosely, and be as easy in the shoulders, as other women : and, if they were still single, it was either because their merits were not sufficiently known, or their dowries were inadequate to the luxury of the times. But this most horrid sister of the lady dowager de la Zouch
was,

was, by dint of pride and folly,
yet a virgin.

In her thirty-seventh year, it was her fortune to be addressed by Sir Dagobert, a worthy knight, but one of slender inheritance. Now the sister of my lady dowager had seven thousand acres of land. Her self-love was flattered by the homage of Sir Dagobert, who had served in the Scottish wars; inso-much that, for his sake, she consented to mitigate the rigour of her high disdain, and to favour him
with

with such smiles as a countenance like hers was capable of assuming. In this situation of things, it chanced that a solemn tournament was proclaimed at a certain castle, to which the gay and gallant were invited to repair. The sister of my lady dowager was present at the spectacle, which was graced by a most numerous and adorable assembly. Ere the combats began, the several knights and barons were prancing round the lists, each accosting the celestial object of his love in language the most eloquent
and

40 ADVENTURES OF

and most sublime. Among the rest, Sir Dagobert was not inattentive. He spurred his courser and caused him to rear, for which he was much praised by the ladies. At length, after considerable bounding and curvetting, the sprightly animal approached the scaffolds, and, in many graceful attitudes, came fidling along the rails, to where the mistress of Sir Dagobert was sitting in great state. It happened, however, that, at the self-same moment when the courteous knight was near enough
to

to be heard, and was beginning to utter something most submissive and pathetic, his steed, from the vigour of action, very loudly broke wind. Oh ! Heavens ! cried the sister of the lady dowager de la Zouch, and sunk back upon the benches. She was immediately carried out, but whether in a real or pretended swoon, the by-standers could not clearly determine.

As soon as it was agreeable to her to come to herself, she vowed in a faint voice, that the indecent
and

and vile manner in which Sir Dagobert had approached her, had given her such a shock, that she would never see him more. In vain did the lady dowager de la Zouch remonstrate, that the fault (if any there were) lay in the courser of Sir Dagobert, and not in the knight himself, who burned for her with the purest and most delicate affection. As much in vain did the old countess of Tewksbury, and other grave and venerable matrons of distinction, undertake to expostulate with this inexorable

nable virgin. As for the countess, who called on her in a day or two after, she reasoned with her in the following expressions, which I learnt from one of the waiting-women who had listened at the key-hole: Why, child, what is this that I hear? The case, I grant, is new, but not too knotty to decide upon. Had Sir Dagobert himself been the offender, far would it be from me to urge aught in his behalf; I would even be one of the foremost to reprobate his indecency. But when the offence

is

is confined to the brute and dumb animal, on which at the time he was mounted, not friendship alone for the knight, but common justice and good-nature excite me to interfere. A sage and discreet maiden would have dissembled on such an occasion, would have seemed to mistake the sound for the *snorting* only of the beast, or for the creaking of the timbers of which the scaffolds were composed, or, in fine, for any noise but the one which was really uttered. This were true modesty ;
this

this were the perfection, the sublimity of virgin excellence. On the other hand, what have *you* done? By your rash and ostentatious exclamation, and by your swooning, (if swoon you did) you have betrayed to all the world your comprehension of the fact, and given room to the envious and sarcastic to assert, that you discarded a valorous and deserving knight, because, forsooth, his courser had broken wind at a tournament! Consider also, child, (and between ourselves I say it) that

that you are now on the margin of forty, and that husbands like Sir Dagobert, a sensible and steady knight, who hath travelled in the Holy Land, and seen the world, are not always to be easily obtained.

Thus spake the wise countess of Tewksbury. But her arguments proved ineffectual. For the more the subject was agitated, the more was this maiden provoked. From that day she hath never gone within sight of any courser, lest her ears should

should be witness a second time to such an outrage, and the memory of that foul and inexpiable affront be renewed, to the torture of her indignant bosom.

But to return to my own adventures. The beauty, the gentleness, and the extensive domains of the lady Isabella had enticed many suitors to the castle. Many also, who durst not avow their admiration, endeavoured by secret means to be admitted to her presence. A ticklish conjuncture for an usher :

corruption assailed me on every side. The wishes of the lady dowager were divided between the lord of Abergavenny, a youthful baron of great hopes, and Sir Stephen de Mountenay, a wealthy knight, of an ancient and illustrious family. The partiality of the lady Isabella herself very forcibly leaned to the lord Abergavenny. As for me, I must confess that I was also of his party. For that baron seldom came to the castle, without privately thrusting a noble into my hand; nor did he omit, in the presence

presence of my lady dowager, to launch forth in the praises of my rigour and solemnity.

These testimonies in my favour, together with the devout manner in which I demeaned myself at prayers, had exalted me in the opinion of the lady de la Zouch. A circumstance soon after took place, which served to shew how high I then stood in her esteem. The lord baron of Abergavenny had pressed her with much warmth for her decisive consent, with re-

spect to his adoration for the
beauteous Isabella. To this she
had replied, that, however his
high extraction and his personal
worth might entitle him to wed
the heiress of the house of de la
Zouch, yet one thing there indu-
bitably was, without which he
must in no wise expect to become
her husband. The piety of the
times, she said, had now established
it into a custom for the nobles and
valiant knights of every nation in
Christendom to betake themselves
to the Holy Land, there to com-
plete

plete their knightly qualifications, and lay in a stock of genuine and sound godliness, by visiting the various scenes so renowned in sacred story. She added, that it had ever been her firm determination, that this should be the grand and indispensable requisite towards obtaining the hand and the inheritance of her daughter: that the lady Isabella was youthful, and so was the lord Abergavenny, and that therefore there was still time sufficient to spare for atchieving an exploit

52 ADVENTURES OF
or two in the neighbourhood of
Jerusalem.

The lord baron of Abergavenny,
who was of a generous and noble,
but impatient temper, and who
little expected such an obstacle to
his desire, swore bluntly by our
Lady of Walsingham*, that he
would not go to the Holy Land;
that his godliness was already as
genuine as it needed to be; that

* There was a celebrated image of the
Virgin at Walsingham, much revered,
and resorted to by pilgrims.

there

there was glory enough to be had nearer home, a just share of which he despaired not of acquiring; and, in fine, that while he were prancing like a fool about Jerusalem, some artful and perfidious rival might injure him in the affection of the lady Isabella. Whereupon the incensed dowager, who now considered him as a profane sort of baron, forbade him to appear for the future at her castle; having first rebuked him for swearing by our blessed Lady of Walsingham.

Shortly after this quarrel, I was ordered into her presence. Jenkins, said she, sit down.

Yes, my lady.

Jenkins, from the decorum visible in your demeanour, and your strictness in what relates to the conduct of my daughter, I am justified in revealing my thoughts, and in reposing a confidence in you. The lord of Abergavenny will not do for my daughter. He hath peremptorily refused to take a journey
to

to the Holy Land, (without which I deem the merits of a knight as incomplete) and hath shewn symptoms of irreligion which deprive him of my esteem.

Yes, my lady.

On the other hand, Sir Stephen de Mountenay is a knight of the most finished character and education. He is regular at Matins, (as the vicar informs me) and hath but one oath in the world, and that is "By the fist of Sampson;"

an oath which may be said only to border on prophaneness, and which a timely lecture from me will eradicate from his mind.

Yes, my lady.

He hath been once at Jerusalem, and twice at Loretto; points which give him pre-eminence over many of his sex. This, then, is the husband whom I have destined for my daughter. And now, Jenkins, I charge you, on peril of forfeiting my favour for ever, to
preserve

preserve a rigid watch over the lady Isabella, whom I suspect of harbouring an obstinate inclination for the graceless baron of Abergavenny. Instill into her mind, as much as in you lies, proper notions of the maturity, solidity, and unquestionable advantages of that virtuous knight, Sir Stephen de Mountenay. Be vigilant, be severe; and turn a deaf ear to the solicitations of his rivals, more especially of him who is the just object of my indignation.

She ended. I replied, by assuring her of the most implicit devotion to her sentiments and her views; praised her wisdom in rejecting, her severity in reprimanding the lord baron of Abergavenny, and affected to behold Sir Stephen in the light of the most accomplished and most preferable of mankind. Now, brother, ingenuously speaking, I could not find in my breast a single spark of attachment to Sir Stephen de Mountenay, tho' he innocently swore but by the fist of Sampson; for he was not in the habit

habit of slipping nobles into my hand, after the manner of his munificent adversary : the sole gratification that I at any time received from him was, once, half an angel * during the Whitsuntide holidays. For this reason did I esteem him to be an ineligible knight to espouse the lady Isabella.

Moreover, he was an odd person. Sir Stephen was in the thirty-seventh year of his age, erect, stiff, ungraceful ; sedate in his deport-

* A coin worth ten shillings.

ment, wary in his conversation ; he had a calm sort of way with him that neither I nor the lady Isabella could endure. Slow and measured was his utterance ; his words were well considered, ere he suffered them to escape the barrier of his lips. Now and then, of an evening, he would ride to the castle in his coat of mail, for the sake of variety, and because it bore a gallant appearance. I had a custom of sitting on the battlements in fair weather, from which I could descry Sir Stephen afar off.

off. As soon as he was come within a certain distance, when he thought that none espied him, he would draw forth from under his saddle-bow a little woollen rag, wherewith he would dust his armour very carefully. For he was marvellously attentive to the propriety of his wearables; never did any one behold a speck upon him, nor a plait nor a pucker in his raiment disarranged. Every hair on his head knew its place, and observed the strictest discipline. Having made his armour shine,
he

he would wipe his hands leisurely in the mane of his courser; then spur him, and advance in full trot to the castle, which he entered with an important air, thundering over the draw-bridge and through the barbican; for he considered some little noise to appertain unto dignity. I never failed to warn my youthful lady of his approach, who often feigned a head-ach, tooth-ach, or other malady, so long ere his arrival, that her sickness wore the most plausible and unpremeditated air imaginable.

Here

JOHN OF GAUNT. 63

Here the lord duke of Lancaster
thought it prudent to leave off.

VISIT

VISIT XV.

THE illustrious historian, at the next visit, proceeded with the narrative of the second usher as follows : But the baron of Abergavenny did not meekly submit to the severe decision of my lady dowager. He contrived to see me in private, and besought me so earnestly

earnestly (seconding his importunity with a handful of nobles) to suffer him to indite a letter to the lady Isabella, and even to be the bearer of the same, that my breast was not proof against his seducing behaviour, and my rigour and integrity at length forsook me. It was agreed on between us, that he should deposit his epistle in the hollow of an old oak, by which I was wont to pass, when attending on horseback the lady Isabella.

Here the sunshine of my good
fortune

fortune was again obscured by a sudden cloud of adversity. There was in the castle a damsel, disagreeable in person, mind and manners, who waited on the sister of my lady dowager, and who, from time to time, had made numerous advances towards inspiring me with the passion which flamed in her own bosom ; such as neatly coughing, and crying *ebem!* as she passed my chamber door in her excursions from the garret, or by quivering a stanza of some ballad about “ blithe Colin,” beginning
in

in a low key at the summit of the staircase, and swelling her notes gradually as she drew near my apartment.

But quivering and neat coughing were thrown away on me: I made no rapturous returns to these endearments. Rage, therefore, and the thirst of revenge, succeeded to that tenderness which had first warmed her breast: ere long an opportunity of gratifying it was presented. For, as I was giving the love-letter to the lady Isabella

in

in the garden, which I deemed to be sufficiently remote from view, this vindictive ugly one espied me through a spike-hole from one of the high towers, and incontinently acquainted her maiden mistress with my treachery. Whereupon the lady dowager and her sister, by a secret passage which led into the garden, stole unperceived to where the lady Isabella sat perusing in an arbour the delicious epistle of the lord Abergavenny, her faithful and respectful usher waiting very near at hand. On a sudden our enemies

mies appear; the fatal letter is seized, the undeniable evidence of corruption in me, of obstinacy in the lady Isabella, of disobedience in us both. The aunt, in a tone of mockery, read the exordium of it aloud, *High born and peerless beauty, though the iron-bearted fates have exiled me from your heavenly presence*—Yes, yes, cried the lady dowager, I guessed that it was some such nonsensical composition. [As rational an epistle, brother, as ever baron indited.] Come, *high born and peerless beauty,*

beauty, said the aunt with an insulting air, give me leave to conduct you to your chamber. So saying, she grasped the arm of the lady Isabella, and led her towards the castle, squeezing back her shoulders, ever and anon, that it grieved my very heart to behold it. As for me, it was her advice that I should be committed to the dungeon.

Accordingly my lady dowager gave directions to her retainers to prepare for the execution of this
inhuman

inhuman sentence. Meanwhile I was secured in my apartment, where I spent some hours in agonies, imagining every noise that I heard to be the playing of the ropes and pullies that were to convey me to my prison. At length I was let down to the depth of many fathoms. When I reached the bottom, I threw myself on the pavement in despair, bemoaned my destiny, and cursed my conceited and aspiring soul, that would not listen to the counsel of the good doctor Absalom, but would fain have

have it, forsooth, that I should become an usher.

Weary, at last, with lamentation, I sat down upon something that I took to be a seat, with a view to meditate a penitential petition to the lady dowager. Casually I laid my hand on it, when, to my infinite terror, I found that I was sitting on a human skeleton. I started up forthwith, and trod on several bones, some long, some short, some globular, which I concluded to be the skulls and
other

other relicks of unhappy persons, who had perished in this horrid pit during the civil commotions between King Henry the Third and Simon de Mountfort earl of Leicester. For I had heard talk, in the family, of such disasters.

Ere long the trap-door was lifted, and my supper sent down in a large wooden platter, in the middle of which stuck a candle, that at once served to enable me to see what I had to eat, and the horrors of the abyss in which I

VOL. II. E was

was a prisoner. I cried out to the person above, for the love of St. Nicholas, to throw me down some paper ; by good luck I had a pencil in my pocket. Happily he heard my voice, and complied with my desire. When I had finished my repast, (for I had not lost my appetite as well as my liberty) I proceeded to draw up a contrite and moving memorial to the lady dowager, bewailing my own iniquity, and craving her high clemency. I likewise suggested that my life was in danger,

from

from my apprehension of spirits and dismal goblins, for which, from my childhood upwards, I had been exceedingly remarkable. In the morning I sent up my paper, in the returned platter which had brought me my breakfast.

My lady had compassion on me : she forgave any thing but swearing. I was therefore wound up, and reinstated in my function, with a denunciation; nevertheless, that,

on my next misdemeanour, I should be banished from the castle for ever.

These sufferings, this forgiveness, even this denunciation had not power to restrain me, where a lucrative temptation was held before my eyes. No answer had yet been sent to the letter of the lord Abergavenny. It was necessary, then, that some confidential person should be employed as the messenger on this perilous occasion. My known attachment to her lover had determined the lady Isabel to
make

make choice of me. Giving me her purse, therefore, which was sufficiently weighty, and an epistle genteelly folded, and genteelly sealed, and smelling sweet of ambergris, Jenkins, said she, with tears in her beauteous eyes, invent some certain means of delivering this letter to the lord baron of Abergavenny. I was affected by her sorrow, and, although I loved money for my labours, could have willingly embarked in this affair, even had I not received a single noble from the damsel. Ac-

cordingly, I set out one evening about twilight, my lady dowager and her sister being at prayers, and took the road to the castle of the lord Abergavenny, which was not many miles from our own.

I will confess that I journeyed the more cheerfully on this errand, from an intention of acquainting that worthy-minded baron with the woes I had experienced, while endeavouring to befriend him ; nor doubting I should be plentifully comforted with nobles. I was occupied

cupied on the way in preparing a most eloquent description of my late miseries, which I meant to recite to him at the proper time and place.

I was wrapped in these golden meditations, when, on a sudden, a crew of caitiffs rushed forth from behind a hedge, in a narrow lane near the castle of the lord Aberga-venny. This is he, cried one of them ; I know him by his staff of ebony. This said, they fell upon me, pulled me off my palfrey, gagged me, rifled me, and beat

me most severely. I guessed, by the voice of one of them, that these were some retainers to Sir Stephen de Mountenay. That knight had long suspected me of being in the interests of his rival, and, doubtless, had enjoined his followers to be observant of all my motions. These then had dogged me from the castle of the lady dowager. When they had beat me to the fulness of their desire, they threw me athwart a horse that was grazing by the road side, (my palfrey being seized on as spoil)

spoil) and tied my hands and feet fast together beneath his belly; insomuch that I formed a complete circle in that position. They then whipped the beast, who, frightened as well at his unusual burthen, as at their lashing, trotted violently with me through mire, and under-wood, and water, and furze; that, I vow to the very heavens, I was near yielding up the ghost.

At length we reached a mill upon the banks of a river. Here dwelt the owner of the horse, who

was a miller by trade, and who, beholding his beast in that condition, ran forth with great fury, and a great club, and beat me most unmercifully for being upon his horse; not considering, from my plight, that it could be no fault of mine. As soon as he ceased afflicting me, I implored him, for the sake of all the saints in Heaven, to unloose my hands and feet, for that, what with my uneasy posture, the motion of the animal, the mud and the briars we had pervaded, and the two several beatings

beatings which I had suffered, I verily conjectured that I had but little time to live.

In the end, the miller disengaged me from his horse, asking me, in the name of all the devils in purgatory, who or what had brought me into such an odd case; insisting, moreover, that I should pay him for my having frightened and endamaged his poor beast. For this purpose he rummaged my apparel; but finding nothing there to gratify his avidity, (for the cai-

tiffs had pillaged me of all my nobles, and even of the love-letter of the lady Isabella) he vowed to the Holy Virgin that he would duck me in the mill-pond. Alarmed at this menace, I fell upon my knees, and besought him with tears in my eyes to have mercy on a wretched usher, who had been robbed and mal-treated, and tied upon a horse, by ruffians of desperate intention, and rather to beseech him of procuring me a priest, for that my sinful and unlucky soul was about to depart my body.

Where-

Whereupon he desisted, but bade me remove from his dwelling without delay.

Here the duke rose up to retire, promising the earl of Marche that he would conclude, at their next meeting, the history of this unhappy usher.

VISIT

V I S I T XVI.

THE noble Mortimer was already impatient, when the duke of Lancaster approached his bedside, and, seating himself thereon, thus continued his narration : I crawled, said the second usher, as well as my aching members would permit me, to a hedge which
which

which bordered on the public way, and there laid me down to deplore this new difaster. The noise of horsemen soon after assailed mine ears : I trembled lest they should prove to be a second gang of caittifs. They enquired, as they came up to me, what business I had there. I made answer, that I was a miserable traveller whom robbers had inhumanly despoiled and beaten. No sooner had I uttered these words, than one of the horsemen exclaimed, Holy Francis ! can this be usher Jenkins ?

The

The same, cried I, rejoiced to find a person that knew me. Now this was a retainer of the lord Abergavenny, who, with his comrades, was repairing to the castle. He took me up behind him, and professed himself grieved for my misfortunes.

When we arrived at the castle, I was brought before my lord, who was overjoyed to see me, expecting that I bore tidings of the lady Isabella. But when he heard the sad history of my fortune, and
that

that the letter, the dear letter, had been thievishly taken from me, he raved for despair and vexation, and swore by every saint, both male and female, that he would speedily take vengeance on Sir Stephen de Mountenay. With this, he gave me a handful of nobles, and ordered me some buttered Canary. Restored by this invigorating beverage, I detailed to my lord the sufferings which I had experienced in the dungeon. Alack ! honest Jenkins, said he, thou hast been scurvily treated for thy attachment to
my

my interests. But thou shalt have an honourable recompence. The vicar of the next parish will die in about a month : get thee into orders, firrah !—thou shalt have the benefice. This said, he scribbled a few lines ; take these, he cried, to my good lord the bishop ; at my request he will not hesitate to ordain thee.

I threw myself at the feet of the lord Abergavenny, weak and weary as I was, and in lively language testified my gratitude and content.

content. I slept but a little that night; partly from the pains in my limbs, and partly from thinking on my approaching preferment.

“Get thee into orders, firrah,” whispered I: O comfortable calling! O soft asylum! Little had I read in Basil, or Tertullian, Austin, Irenæus, Saint Jerom, and the rest. Nevertheless, said I, the bishop will not refuse the lord Abergavenny. After this soliloquy, I had a few flying visions of coffins, burials, marriage fees, and christenings; tythes, obventions, oblations,

oblations, and the like ; all which successively had possession of my brain, till the rays of the rising sun, as if envious of my pleasure, played upon my eye-lids, and awoke me.

I arose, and put on my garments, and, though my bones ached prodigiously, set out with all speed for the palace of the lord bishop. On my arrival, I was immediately admitted, and found the good prelate at breakfast. He received me with a mild air ; he
was

was neither proud nor overbearing, though of a dignified presence and an illustrious genealogy. Having caused me to eat my breakfast, he perused the billet of the lord Abergavenny. He then mused a little, and interrogated me touching my progress at the University. I made him such answers as redounded to my own honour, was silent with respect to my ushership, but laid a mighty stress on my having been employed with great applause in the tuition of youth, which I deemed

deemed might induce him to entrust me with the cure of souls.

Our repast concluded, he called for a volume of the fathers, (here, brother, I began to tremble) and, turning to a passage of Saint Augustine, requested that I would put it into English. I opened my lips, as if about to construe, then shut them, and drew my chair nearer to the table; then opened them again, (making as if I coughed to disembarass my utterance) then shut them again, all the while
looking

looking earnestly at the words of Saint Augustine. The good-natured dignitary, sensible, from my mode of coughing, that it would be in vain to distress me any further with the fathers, humanely closed the book, and relieved me from a dilemma of the most excruciating nature.

He next made experiment of my Greek, attacking me in the New Testament. Here I made shift to toil through a few verses, his lordship correcting me for saying *bull*

instead of *whole*, *bolly* for *boly*,
aunly for *only*, *auver* for *over*, *pint*
for *point*, *jine* for *join*, the *Lurd*
for the *Lord*, and *outority* instead
of *authority*. For, besides my
native impropriety of pronuncia-
tion, I had contracted a silly habit
of saying *jine*, *pint*, *bull*, and *ou-*
tority, from certain of my supe-
riors at college, whom I, and some
others, had considered it as genteel
and profitable to imitate. He also
conjured me to avoid mumbling,
snuffling, and chattering the church
service, faults of which, said he,
the

the ministers of the Holy Gospel are not always entirely guiltless. He likewise cautioned me against looking at the ladies, and at persons of quality, and to remember that, in saying mass, it was the Powers of Heaven only I was addressing. He even admonished me to beware of a monotonous and doleful voice, which, said he, (especially of a gloomy day, or on a Sunday evening in winter) is apt to make religion seem uncheerful to the laity, and to beget inattention or somnolency in the hearers.

or, what is still worse, an impatience to go home.

The prelate then asked me, according to form, whether I felt a *serious call* to the sacerdotal profession? O yes, my lord, replied I; esteeming it to be a call sufficiently serious, that I had a near prospect of an excellent benefice. Whereupon I received ordination. As I was about to quit the room, there entered a venerable priest, whose very aspect would have persuaded one to devotion and virtue.

He

He had officiated as curate of a neighbouring parish for eight and forty years, with unblemished sanctity, and at the moderate stipend of ten pounds *per annum*; out of which he had supported nine grand-children, and even contrived to give alms! He was come to thank the bishop for surprizing him with the living, the incumbent of which was no more, and for which he himself had had too little interest, and too much modesty to make any application. Ah! said I in my heart, a little

F 2

more

778536A

100 ADVENTURES OF

more of this, and God will forgive your lordship the ordaining such as I am. As I was going down stairs, the bishop, leaning over the banister, reminded me once more of *bull, bolly, pint, jine, outhority*, and the *Lurd*. I assured him that I would gratefully remember his admonition.

My next solicitude was to have a conference with the sexton of my future parish, to the end that I might sound him with respect to the imbecillity of the present possessor.

feffor. With this view I treated him to a pottle of sack : but conceive, brother, my chagrin, when the sexton ejaculated, Lord have mercy on thee ! it was only a stroke of the palsy ; he is likely to rub on these twenty years. What then, said I when he was gone, have I rashly hurried into orders, and abandoned my usherly vocation, to wait a score of years for so precarious a provision ? I cursed my noble patron for having sent me of such an errand, and the bishop for politely ordaining me ;

and, hearing that an usher was wanted in a wealthy family not far from that neighbourhood, I turned my back for the second time on the altar, and set out to offer my services elsewhere.

The family to which I applied consisted of an aged knight and his aged lady, and one only granddaughter, a bold little girl, who was to have an immensity of money. The terms were to my liking, and I straightway took charge of the damsel. But the
very

very first day that I attended her on horseback, (we were going on a visit to her god-mother in the dog-days) we, in passing through this forest, underwent the same deception and captivity that you did.

Thus, my lord of Marche, continued the duke of Lancaster, did I barter my repose for the history of these two ushers. They, notwithstanding their respective miseries, soon after fell asleep, and snored, till both cabins re-echoed.

Having dozed for an hour and a half, I walked forth to inhale the pleasant air of the morning, and to see if my valiant brothers, and the rest of my companions, were awake.

The duke now concluded his visit, and, having shaken earl Mortimer by the hand, adjourned this heroic story to the following day.

VISIT

V I S I T X V I I .

I FOUND the prince
of Wales, said John of Gaunt at
the next visit, at his cabin door,
conversing with Geoffrey Chaucer,
He looked grave and merry by
turns, according as our imprison-
ment, so disgraceful to knightly
honour, or the singularity of things

F 5 around

around us, was presented to his mind. Soon after, we were joined by the dukes of York and Gloucester, with Owen Glendower, and the lord Ferdinand Fitzwarrenne.

We entered the cabin, and sat down, silent, and viewing one another; each expecting that some one would speak out, and take notice of our present extraordinary situation. At length the Prince of Wales, (having first inspected the partitions, and bolted the door) broke silence, and accosted us as follows :

follows: Companions, warriors, in this unheard of, this ludicrous, this vexatious turn of fortune, it becomes us to consider whether we shall waste our days in idleness and sensuality, slaves to the domination of an outlaw and his Myrmidons, or make some timely effort, befitting knights to make, in order that we may relieve ourselves from so inglorious a condition. The tournament of Carnarvon is at hand: shall we suffer it to be said hereafter, that the cause why Edward and his companions were not

there, was that—I will not mention it—I know your hearts, my lords, and will answer for you all :
No—No. This point then disposed of, it behoves us to consult by what means we may not only accomplish our own freedom, but bestow the boon of freedom upon others. Without arms, we are as men of lath amidst this multitude. The question then occurs, Where are the arms laid up? in the pavilion of the patriarch? or in the cabins of the caitiffs? or in some subterraneous repository? Be it
2 therefore

therefore our first care to discover, if possible, in what recess our weapons are concealed. These once regained, (and grant, ye heavenly powers, that we may regain them) your valour, noble warriors, will, I trust, procure you liberty.

So spake the Prince of Wales.
Your wishes, royal brother, replied I, correspond with mine, and, I dare affirm, with the wishes of all who hear me. Let us, then, this very day make some attempt towards the discovery. This
Raymond

Raymond (who, in my opinion, is an impudent and felonious caitiff; for shall he presume to trespass on the liberty of travellers, for the sole end of gratifying his untameable thirst of pleasure?) this caitiff, I say, hath not yet led us round the circuit of his domains, nor displayed to us the beauties of his sylvan kingdom. It may not prove inexpedient to entice him to conduct us through all the several divisions, in order that, by observing his countenance and demeanour, his uneasiness, or his unconcern,

JOHN OF GAUNT. 111

cern, we may form some conjecture of what he would have us know, and of what he would conceal from us. For, my lords, if there be within these precincts any certain spot which he betrays an unwillingness to suffer us to inspect, that same, I hold it, is the place of arms.

I ceased, and Chaucer immediately thus addressed us : Illustrious princes, what my lord of Lancaster hath now offered to your minds, is a prudent preparation
which

which we cannot but commend. As we are all joined in one common lot of captivity, I may hope that a suggestion, even from me, will obtain a favourable hearing. [Speak, speak, cried we all.] By the information of a robber who fate next to me last night, I understand that this day is to be solemnized amongst them with more than ordinary festivity. It is the birth-day of the patriarch. We may justly conclude, then, that inebriety will encroach on their accustomed vigilance, and render
an

an escape more practicable. And though I cannot but admire and applaud the heroic spirit with which the prince proposes to effect our liberation by force of arms, I must nevertheless remark that, as we entered without bloodshed, without bloodshed we should depart. For who, illustrious lords, can take upon him to say, that carnage would not ensue, of the innocent as well as of the guilty? In such a scene of uproar and nocturnal confusion, the aged and the helpless, monks, ushers, damsels, might

74 ADVENTURES OF

might be sacrificed to the resentment, the apprehensions, the despair of these malefactors. Shall we hazard the lives of the unarmed, while fighting for our liberty sword and lance in hand? By cunning were we captured, by cunning let us seek deliverance. The same sleep-creating liquor that deceived ourselves will, doubtless, produce the like consequence in others. It remains, therefore, to explore where that important liquor lies: and this, illustrious lords, with your consent and approbation, and with
some

some good faint or angel for my protector, I myself will endeavour to perform. The mode and means employed must depend upon conjunctures. Should success attend the effort, the empire of the arch-caitiff will vanish as a dream, our enemies will find themselves in the same defenceless state, in which they took us captive, and must, without a blow, submit to such conditions as my lord the Prince of Wales may deem expedient to prescribe to them.

These

116. ADVENTURES OF

These were the sentiments of Chaucer, and to these we unanimously agreed. And now notice being sent round that breakfast was prepared, we broke up the council, and proceeded to the grand pavilion. We found there the same company that we had seen the day before. Many compliments were paid the patriarch on this happy anniversary: the ladies congratulated him on his wondrous good looks, (*they* owed him this adulation) the men on his firm tread, his strong voice, and his
vic-

victorious constitution. Meanwhile a crew of caitiffs, assembled on the lawn, cried, Long live Raymond *of the bushy beard!* Raymond for ever! huzza! In fine, it was a court-day at the pavilion. The peculiar attributes of each individual were again exhibited with additional energy. The lady Hermundura fwaggered and talked loud; the lady Barbarina tittered most bewitchingly; Sir Hubert succeeded, beyond his wishes, in assurance; Sir Humphrey de Waverley was more unaffected

affected than ever, friar Matthew more correct of speech, Sir Marmaduke more strong, and proper in his limbs, the squire more knowing in the ways of men, more replète with anecdotes, more affectionate to his books, more hostile to good sense, and more disdainful of Christianity. I knew also the ladies Philippa and Florinda, by the description of usher Simeon, and the bold little girl of whom Jenkins had the care.

We

We were exceedingly merry during the whole time of breakfast. The ladies ate very heartily, and listened to our commendations with the utmost good-humour. No accident intervened, save that Sir Humphrey de Waverley, in helping himself unassumingly to a piece of beef-kidney, let it fall on the attire of the ancient maiden, (of whose vocal merits I have spoken in a former visit) who, incensed thereat, gave him a box on the right ear, with the report of which verily the pavilion resounded.

This,

This, and the overturning a pitcher of spiced ale by the elbow of friar Matthew, while he was endeavouring to address, with the most grammatical precision, the fair lady Florinda, were all that happened worthy of the notice of an historian.

Scarce had we concluded our repast, and taken a turn in the hall, when tidings were brought in that Mirandora *the delightful* and her female companions, who were out warbling pretty early, had

had trepanned a pilgrim that was passing through the forest. An universal joy pervaded our community, who longed for some relation of adventures in foreign lands. The patriarch gave orders that he should be conducted to the pavilion. The pilgrim soon made his appearance : he was a man of a good exterior, and about thirty years old. He seemed, at first, much to admire at the assembly which surrounded him ; but afterwards demeaned himself with an uniform composure. The pa-

triarch welcomed him with his usual good-breeding, and acquainted him in few words with the institutions of the society: to all which the pilgrim replied with becoming courtesy.

The day appearing cloudy, and threatening wet weather, a large fire was lighted in the centre of the hall, around which we gathered in a pleasing intermixture, composing at once an ample and motley circumference. The stranger took his seat by the patriarch, who
forth-

forthwith besought him to recount what adventures had befallen him in the course of his pilgrimage; to which the former, bowing gracefully, assented. And now knights, robbers, princes, ushers, damsels, dames, and reverend friars observed a mute attention :

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
as a Roman poet saith, on some such great occasion :

I was born, says he, in the county palatine of Cheshire. At

G 2 the

the decease of my father, who was a squire of some opulence, I united my patrimony to that of my only brother, removing with him to Chester ; where we both became traders in Flemish and Spanish merchandize. My brother, some two years ago, in voyaging to the western coast of Spain, was overtaken by a tempest, which raging with tremendous violence, he vowed, that if he survived the great peril which then threatened him, he would undertake a pilgrimage to Saint Jago de Compostella. The
faint

faint heard his prayers: my brother was not shipwrecked. On his return to England, he informed me of his vow, and, being occupied with the cares of a family, besought me, who was unmarried, to repair to the shrine at Compostella in his stead. With this request I readily complied, partly out of love to my brother, and partly from a desire to travel. I arrayed myself in the weeds of a pilgrim, and, as my intention was to pass through France, took the road directly for Dover. No oc-

currence of any moment presented itself on the way. I arrived at Dover in safety and with delight, and, the wind blowing fair for Calais, embarked on board a vessel that was already hoisting anchor. At Calais I looked around me for a little while; then pursued my journey towards the southern part of the kingdom, after the customary manner of pilgrims.

Hitherto peace and entertainment had attended me. But, just as I entered the great pass of the
Pyrenees,

Pyrenees, an adventure befell me which was somewhat extraordinary.

When the sun had forsaken the firmament, and the dubious twilight warned the weary traveller to seek a refuge, I descried in a sequestered glen a lonely mansion, to which I turned my steps, in the earnest hope of finding there an asylum for the night. Having arrived at the gate, I knocked gently with my staff, but received no answer. Soon after I knocked again: at length a casement was opened above, and a vessel of foul water

discharged upon my head. The casement was then closed, and no further notice taken of me.

Enraged at this indignity, I went round the house, and, perceiving in one of the windows a pale and glimmering light, which however discovered to me an old man, who was reading with deep attention a book of wondrous size, I elevated my voice, and demanded the reason of such injurious treatment to an inoffensive traveller. At the noise, the old man arose, and

and opened the casement; then, looking down, cried, Depart, in the name of Heaven, and think no more about it. Having thus spoken, he shut the window. At some paces further I discerned another light, by which sat a damsel spinning. I approached it, still complaining in a loud tone of the outrage that had been offered to me. The damsel forthwith looked out, and, perceiving me below, cried, Depart, in the name of Heaven, and think no more about it.

You will judge that I was surprised at receiving the same answer, in words exactly the same, from these two different persons. Nevertheless I explored another quarter of the building, and knocked at a little door, through the key-hole of which a voice repeated the self-same expressions that I had heard twice before. Fatigued, disappointed, incensed, astonished, I withdrew to a neighbouring forest, where with a flint and steel I fired some withered leaves and loose sticks, by the blaze of which I
dried

dried my dripping hat and garments. This done, I crept into the hollow of a tree, and recommended myself to God and Saint Jago.

Sleep visited me not. I spent the night in pondering on this strange adventure, and in endeavouring to account for the cause of such inhumanity. In vain: the shades of night departed, and day stole upon me in the midst of my meditations. I then pursued my journey, and reached, ere long, a village which lay in a romantic

spot amongst the mountains. Here hospitality, though humble was her fare, received me with a cheerful and charitable countenance. I neglected not to enquire of the inhabitants concerning the mansion where I had suffered such indignity. But all that I could learn was, that it belonged to an aged baron, and that for a length of time it had been invariably the custom to treat in the same singular and unchristianlike manner all travellers who sought for admission.

My

My curiosity was the more inflamed to know to what circumstance this custom owed its origin, and I was resolved on gratifying it, at the risk even of my life. Accordingly I deposited my garb of pilgrimage with a pious peasant, who had received me for the love of Christ, and borrowed a coat of mail, in which having clad myself, I repaired, with a trusty falchion at my side, to the inauspicious mansion of that aged baron. I waited in the forest for the arrival of darkness, then drew towards

wards

wards that part of the building, where, on the former night, I had seen the old man reading. The same light appeared ; the man also had the same great volume before him, upon which he seemed deeply intent.

Here the lord duke of Lancaster concluded his visit.

VISIT

V I S I T XVIII.

ON the following day,
the illustrious son of Edward the
Third thus continued the history
of the pilgrim: Fortunately, said
he, there was a casement open in
a chamber adjoining to that where
the baron was sitting. To this I
climbed by the aid of the project-
ing

ing stones which ornamented the windows ; then entered without noise, and proceeded to the apartment where the light was visible. So softly did I open the door, and so abstracted was the attention of the baron, that he perceived me not, until, with my naked faulchion in my hand, I stood close to his elbow-chair. In turning over a leaf of the volume which he was reading, he, by accident, hit his arm against mine. Whereupon I held my sword to his throat, and threatened him

with immediate destruction if he made any outcry, or resistance whatsoever.

The baron, with a faltering accent, besought me to sit down, and inform him by what means I had found admission into his house, and what was my desire or intention. I took a feat, and told him, that it was immaterial by what means I had gained an entrance into his mansion; that I had knocked at his gates (being a pilgrim to Compostella) for shelter,
the

the preceding night, but had received contumelious usage, instead of food and lodging; that I was come, less desirous of revenging the disgrace, than of learning the cause and origin of a custom so dishonourable, and was determined to take his life, unless he would condescend to satisfy my curiosity. I said this with a menacing air, as if I really had intended to put it into execution.

The baron, alarmed for his safety, consented to my requisition,
and

and addressed me in the following words: I cannot say, Sir, that I am surprized at your resentment for the reception you have experienced, nor at your inclination to become acquainted with the cause of it. Know then, that somewhat more than a century ago, my father, who built this edifice, and lived in it with the hospitality that was consistent with his station, on a sudden made a vow to shut his doors against the traveller, in consequence of the ungratefulness and villainy of a pilgrim who was journey-

journeying to Compostella, and had been received within these walls.

One Bernardo, an Italian, who had passed through France, and was crossing these mountains in his way to Spain, arrived at the gate of this mansion, and was admitted. The baron my father, who delighted in hearing from the intelligent traveller an account of whatever was rare and excellent in foreign kingdoms, listened with extreme pleasure to the narration
of

of this Bernardo, who had seen much, and, being not ineloquent, could relate his adventures in an advantageous manner. Their discourse at length turned upon celebrated pieces of armour, and weapons preserved in ancient and august families, as having once belonged to some gigantic progenitor. Nor did the helmet of Mambrino and the sword of earl Rowland, so famed in heroic story, remain unnoticed by them.

There

There was, Sir, in our family a remarkable pair of spurs, which had been worn by my warlike ancestors many ages ago, in the battles between the Saracens and the emperor Charlemagne. With respect to these spurs, Sir, it had been prophesied of yore that as long as they continued in the possession of our race, we should flourish in deeds of arms, and be renowned in the annals of chivalry from generation to generation. They were likewise of uncommon size, of most exquisite manufacture,

ture, and, except as to the rowels, of the purest gold. My father made no difficulty to shew them to the stranger, who admired them as well for their workmanship, as their antiquity.

But evil was the hour in which Bernardo beheld them. For in the dead of night (ye powers ! that hospitality should meet so vile a recompence !) in the dead of night the caitiff pilgrim arose, took the spurs of my forefathers from the hook on which they hung ;
then,

then, having hidden them in his scrip, departed at the dawn of day.

A full week had elapsed, ere this invaluable monument of our fortune and our fame, this talisman, as it were, on which our mightiness depended, was missed by the domesticks, who, knowing the importance of such a relick to our family, were struck with consternation, and reluctant to disclose a circumstance so unfortunate to my father. At length the baron himself became acquainted with
the

the disaster. You will readily conceive, Sir, that his anguish was severe, his wrath against the pilgrim (whom he justly suspected of being guilty) outrageous. Had not his retainers represented to him the unlikelihood of discovering and overtaking the villain Bernardo, he would have pursued him from cliff to cliff of the Pyrenæan hills, from the forests of the Asturias to the plains of Estremadura.

He then made a solemn vow, that never more would he admit

VOL. II. H any

any traveller beneath his roof, and enjoined his domestics, under pain of his sharp displeasure, to bestow on all such as should in future approach his gates the ignominious treatment of which you, Sir, now complain, and to bid them, in a little formulary which he composed for the occasion, *depart in the name of Heaven, and think no more about it*. Moreover, on his death-bed, he appointed by his testament, that his heirs should inviolably observe this stern ordinance, and posterity

revenge

revenge the affliction of their fore-
father.

Thus, Sir, have I explained to
you the cause of this unpleasant
custom. Here ended the baron.
I asked him what volume he had
been reading so attentively. It is,
replied he, *The Lives of the Ma-
gicians*, and contains the birth,
parentage, incantations, and ex-
ploits of the most famous professors
of the necromantic art, either male
or female, from the witch of En-
dor, to the sorcerers and forcereffes

of the present century. Last night, a little before I accosted you from the window, I finished Zoroaster ; I am now in Merlin, and much entertained with the wonders which he wrought in behalf of the brave Briton, king Arthur.

I thanked the baron for his courtesy, and rose to take my departure. He accompanied me down stairs, and even to the very portal, apologizing, that the obligation under which he lay of complying most strictly with the will of the deceased,

deceased, forbade him to invite me to partake of some refreshment. I conjured him to be in no wise uneasy, adding, that I was sensible of the predicament in which he stood, and from my soul forgave him both the present and the past. I then wished him a good night, and, as the moon shone clearly, directed my hasty steps to the village where I had borrowed the armour. Soon after I resumed my former habit, and pursued my journey through difficult defiles, and

over cliffs that appeared scarce accessible.

About sun-set I arrived in a delicious glen, where several persons were making a repast by the margin of a frigid fountain. I saluted them, as I thought it became me, and sat down to eat of their viands, which they charitably proffered to me. They enquired whence I came, and whither I was bound; in a little time afterwards one of them thus addressed me: Young pilgrim, we are a company of merchants

chants who trade in slaves, which we purchase in various countries, and convey to the kingdom of Granada, where we sell them to the Moorish monarch, and to the nobles of his realm. Thou seemest to be a stout dog, and shalt therefore come along with us : we will vend thee to Muley Abdallah, who now sits upon the throne ; thou wilt find thyself happier within the walls of the Alhambra, than by wearing out thy knees at the shrine of Saint Jago. Comply, young man, without a murmur, to this

fair and just propofal, or death anon fhall be thy portion.

Aftonifhed, thunder-ftuck at this declaration, I remained for fome moments without uttering a word. At length it occurred to me that the merchant did but jeft, and I replied, with a mirthful air, that I would not hefitate to accompany them. Come, come, friend, cried another of the crew, this is no matter to be jefted with: prepare to attend us to the city of Granada, throw away thefe leaden
faints

faints and these cockle-shells from your hat; lay aside your long vestment, and be clad in succinct apparel, befitting your new condition.

The merchant spoke this with so resolute a tone, that there could no longer exist a doubt of the atrocity of their intentions. In vain did I represent to them the perilous and hideous jeopardy in which the soul of my poor brother must of necessity remain, as long as the pilgrimage to Saint Jago was un-

performed. Nay, nay, replied one of them, trouble not thyself about Saint Jago ; he is a good-natured fellow, and, when he hears that thou art a captive to the king of the Moors, will forgive both thee and thy brother : so gird up thy garments, and make ready to march ; for darkness comes on apace, and we must reach a certain cavern where we mean to pass the night. Perceiving that to resist were useless, and trusting to the high heavens for an opportunity of escaping, I accounted myself as the
merchant-

merchant-robbers had commanded me, and set out in the midst of them for the cavern already mentioned. It was dark ere we arrived. My companions, or rather my tyrants, slept and watched by turns, six of them, at the fewest, guarding the entrance of the cave; so that, had I attempted flight, my destruction was inevitable.

In our journey from the Pyrenees to the city of Granada, nothing worthy of narration occurred. The merchants endeavoured to re-

concile me to my fortune, and, fearing lest my health should be impaired by my chagrin, and my value of course diminished, were earnest to amuse my mind by continued recitals of adventures that had befallen them in their mercantile vocation, most of which were so ludicrous, and so pleasantly related, that, in spite of my misfortunes, they often made me merry; and the merchants observed with no little satisfaction, when we reached the Moorish dominions, that I was fatter and more vigorous than

than they had expected I would prove.

Great was my astonishment when I beheld the lofty walls, the beauteous towers, the sumptuous palaces of the city of Granada. Here all things breathed an air of magnificence and pleasure. The pompous retinues of the Moorish lords, their noble courfers proudly caparisoned, their turbans and their scymitars, glittering with the brightest jewels of the Indies, at once delighted and amazed me.

Here

Here John of Gaunt shook the lord Edmond Mortimer by the hand, and retired, having business, saith friar Hildebrand, which obliged him to hasten home.

VISIT

V I S I T XIX.

SOON after, said the duke, continuing the history of the pilgrim, I was conducted to the palace of the Alhambra, where Jussouf, the chief chamberlain, agreed with the merchant-robbers to purchase me at the price of two hundred sequins. Thus, while

undertaking a pious journey to Compostella, was I despoiled of the blessing of liberty, and condemned to menial offices in an anti-christian land. Is this, said I in my heart, the recompence of fraternal affection, this the guardian care which saints bestow on those who wrestle with the dangers of the earth and seas, to worship at their shrines, and increase their celestial glory? Nevertheless, I will resign me to the disposal of the powers above; peradventure, it is good that this disaster should have

have befallen me; it may have snatched me from worse evil, and may redound to my future welfare.

In this disposition of mind I endeavoured to recommend myself to the favour of Jussouf, by a diligent attention to his orders, and by discovering an inclination to prevent his wishes. The chamberlain was not insensible of these my assiduities. Christian, said he the morning after he had purchased me, captivity shall lay her hands
but

but lightly upon thee: the slaves of the great Muley Abdallah live in peace. The good Jussouf accordingly assigned me an easy task: it was to feed the royal cats,* and sweep the gardens of the Alhambra.

The chamberlain likewise condescended to enquire of my birth and fortunes, and by what accident I had come into the possession of the merchants. I unfolded my

* These animals are held in much esteem by the Mahometans.

whole

whole story: my adventure with the old baron of the Pyrenees diverted him: he repeated it to Mulley Abdallah, when that monarch retired to rest, at which time it was customary for the chamberlain to seat himself at the foot of the bed, and to relate uncommon histories, till sleep waved his ebony sceptre over the eye-lids of the king, and dismissed the impatient Jussouf.

Next morning, the Moorish monarch commanded that I should

be

be brought before him. He was sitting in a pleasure-room, the walls of which were painted with gold and azure, in a manner so ingenious and delightful to the eye, that nothing in the royal mansions of Christendom could equal it. In the midst was a fountain, which, from a basin of green marble, threw up a limpid stream, that descended afterwards in refreshing dews, correcting the sultry breath of Summer. Many lords of the court were present, many ladies ; among which last sat the princess

Arizapha,

Arizapha, only daughter to the king, the fame of whose beauty had spread through all Granada, and through the kingdoms that yet own the domination of the Spaniards. Many princes of Barbary, and other Saracen states, had sought this young princess in marriage; but Abdoulraman, a Granadian noble, of ample inheritance and illustrious race, was the happy person destined by Muley Abdallah to obtain the nuptial vows of the beautiful Arizapha.

The

The monarch, who had heard but imperfectly from the chamberlain concerning the contumely which I had experienced in my pilgrimage, commanded me to relate that adventure to him at large. I obeyed. The great Muley Abdallah then swore by the prophet Mahomet, that it was as whimsical a revenge as ever baron invented ; adding at the same time, that Jago of Compostella was but a worthless sort of Saint, who permitted his intended votaries to be treated with such indignity, and that, had my
pil-

pilgrimage been directed to Mecca, the holy prophet of the Mussulmans would have taken better care of me. He concluded with advising me to study the Alcoran, and become a true believer. In fine, I received permission to withdraw, and fifty sequins were given me by the command of Muley Abdallah.

This circumstance were but little worth relating, but that it led to an event of more importance. For this gleam of good fortune was followed,

followed, ere long, by the full sunshine of prosperity. One evening, as I was passing through the court of the lions, I was tapped on the shoulder by an aged female slave, who in a low voice desired me to follow her. She conducted me along the piazza, and to a gateway which I knew led to the apartment of the women. I stopped short at the threshold, and refused to proceed; (for it is death for any, but the eunuchs and the female slaves, to be seen in that quarter) but the old woman, throwing

throwing over me a veil and a loose garment, desired me to banish fear, adding, that I should have no cause to repent of my compliance.

I yielded. We passed through several rooms, of unexampled magnificence, and at length came to a door, the key of which my conductress drew out from her girdle. We then entered a chamber, at the upper end of which, upon a gorgeous sofa, sat a lady, whose mien and figure confessed her to be the princess Arizapha. Here, ma-

dam, said the old woman, is the slave whom you wished to speak with. When I found that it was in the presence of the princess that I stood, I prostrated myself upon the carpet, and kissed the dust most humbly. Whereupon she bade me rise, at the same time unveiling a face which might vie with the fairness of the daughters of Paradise.

Christian, cried the princess Arizapha, from your behaviour yesterday before the king my father, and from the discreet answers
which

which you made to such questions as were put to you, I am induced to believe that you can do me a certain service, upon which my future happiness will entirely depend, and for which you shall not go unrewarded. When the princess had thus spoken, I bowed myself to the dust a second time, declaring, that she had only to signify her commands, and her slave would even lay down his life for her prosperity. She made a sign to me to sit down; I did so, and she addressed me as follows: Without

doubt, Christian, it is not unknown to you that I am destined by my royal father to be the wife of Abdoulraman. The riches and splendid origin of that great lord are but secondary causes for this decision in his favour. For his wondrous wisdom hath his sovereign selected him from amongst the Moorish nobles, to become his son-in-law. His fame for this quality hath extended far and wide : none ever heard from the lips of Abdoulraman a sentence, or an expression, that was not sapient in
the

the extreme. But alas! what is wisdom to the female heart? Prince Aben-Humeya, a youth descended from a long line of kings, and related to our own august family, with but a twentieth part of the sense of the favoured Abdoulraman, hath made an impression on my virgin heart, which cannot, while I have life, be obliterated. In fine, I prefer the gaiety and good legs of Aben-Humeya to the exalted understanding of his ill-shaped adversary.

But ah ! Christian, so partial is the king my father to the mental endowments of Abdoulraman, that nothing but a miracle, or what is equivalent to a miracle, can afford me any hope of escaping this hated union. Now I have learnt from an Egyptian, who is skilled in the knowledge of the vegetable world beyond what hath been ever attained to by the art of man, that there grows upon the hills of the Sierra Morena a certain herb, which possesses the rare property of creating instant folly in the human mind,

and

and of causing the very wisest to speak nonsensically. This, Christian, if by your exertions I can procure, I shall be saved from the abyss of despair, and united to the youth to whom my soul is so devoted. For, if Abdoulraman be convicted of foolishness, the king my father will bestow my hand upon the amiable Aben-Humeya, to whose happiness the superior wisdom of his rival hath hitherto been the only obstacle.

The service therefore which I expect you to perform, is to depart without delay for the Sierra Morena, and there to search for this precious vegetable, which you will know by the seven woolly leaves that encompass it near the root, and by the little yellow bells that ornament the stalk, and send forth a delicious odour. It grows only upon the rocky eminences, where seldom the foot of man is seen to tread. When you have found it, return with speed, and let the juice of it be mingled with the viands

of

of Abdoulraman. So shall he talk foolishly, and be rejected by the king my father, who will straightway dispose of me to prince Aben-Humeya. Take therefore this purse of sequins, and shew this ring to the centinels of the Alhambra, who, on seeing it, will not oppose your departure.

Thus spake the illustrious daughter of king Muley Abdallah. I bowed my head respectfully, then retired, concealing the purse and ring within my girdle. At the

dawn of the ensuing day I set out for the Sierra Morena. Now said I, when the gates of the Alhambra were far behind me, I am once again at liberty. Why not return to my native land? Shall I yield myself a second time to the rude arms of captivity? But then have I not sworn to serve the beauteous Arizapha, who doubtless will restore me to freedom for my pains, and load me with gifts of much value? No, I will never prove perfidious: I will enter once more the lofty towers of Granada, to
make

make a fool of Abdoulraman, and a happy husband of prince Aben-Humeya.

Such was my soliloquy, as I journeyed towards the mountains. Having arrived at the Sierra, I climbed the craggs and precipices with unwearied industry, and, after a search of three days, discovered the desired plant so inimical to wisdom. I plucked it up with joy, and descending from that savage region, took the road to Granada.

The evening of the day on which I reached the royal city, the female slave who had conducted me to the princess, came to seek me in the court of the lions. She found me in the piazza, anxious to deliver an account of my success to the adorable daughter of king Muley Abdallah. I attended the old woman to the apartments of the princess, with the same precautions that we had used upon the former occasion. The lovely Arizapha was overjoyed at my return: The herb, Christian, the herb, she cried

JOHN OF GAUNT, *184*
cried with an impatient transport.
It is here, madam, replied I, drawing
it forth from my bosom.——

We will conclude, said John of
Gaunt to the lord Edmond Mortimer,
the history of the pilgrim at
our next meeting.

VISIT

VISIT XX.

THE duke was punctual, the earl impatient. Accordingly the illustrious historian thus proceeded : She snatched the plant eagerly from my hands, said the pilgrim, and, having viewed it with earnest eyes, exclaimed, I shall be happy ; this is indeed the plant
which

which the Egyptian described to me. Let us instantly prepare it for the use to which I destiny it. So saying, she took a mortar, which the old woman had in readiness; in this, with her own fair hands, she pounded the fatal vegetable, the charm, as it were, on which her happiness was to depend. It yielded half a pint of a thin, whitish liquor, which she carefully poured into a phial. Here, Christian, said she, guard this, as you would a treasure: to-night a banquet will be given in
the

the Alhambra, to which Abdoul-raman and all the nobles are invited. Contrive to enter, along with the other slaves, into the hall of entertainment ; assist in serving the guests, but be particularly officious to the rival of Aben-Humeya. Thus will you have ample opportunity of effecting our design.

I promised the princess that I would be mindful of her commands ; then, conducted by the old woman, withdrew to my own chamber. I waited for the hour at
which

which the nobles were to meet, with the impatience of a determined conspirator. At length they assembled, and with them the devoted victim of the wiles of Arizapha. I found no difficulty in introducing myself amongst my fellow-slaves, and, pursuant to my instructions, was particularly assiduous about the person of Abdoulraman. The crisis was now at hand. I drew forth the inauspicious bottle, unperceived by the rest of the attendants, and poured the contents of it into a cup of sherbet, which

which I was about to present to the miracle of understanding. The illustrious Moor made a signal for beverage: I handed to him the fatal draught: he drained the vessel to the bottom.

Ere long the effects of this position became visible. To the astonishment of the king and all the nobles, Abdoulraman called seriously for a drink of mutton, and, soon after, for a slice of sherbet. It were needless to recount the foolish sayings that he uttered.

The

The Moorish monarch, partial to the unhappy lord, was distressed and confounded at this change in his condition. As for the rest, who had envied him the favour of his prince, and his approaching alliance with the royal house of Granada, they rejoiced in secret at the disaster, though in the presence of the sovereign they affected to lament it. But Muley Abdallah, inclinable to consider it as the consequence of some sudden indisposition of body, declared that he would suspend his opinion, until
sleep

sleep and repose had afforded their healing aid: To-morrow, cried he, let Abdoulraman come to council; there shall we best determine whether he be a wise man or a fool. This said, the king retired.

I spent the night in some solicitude for the issue of this affair. What, said I, if the effects of this wonder-working liquor should cease on the morrow, and Abdoulraman talk as sensibly as ever? The princess will die of despair,
and

and I shall lose all hope of being restored to my liberty. Day at length appeared. The Alhambra was crowded with people, some of whom curiosity, some of whom an attachment to the fortunes of Abdoulraman had incited to come thither. But the herb was too powerful so soon to lose its virtue: Abdoulraman went to council in his night-cap, and proposed that the Alhambra should be given up to the Spaniards. There was now no further doubt that his wisdom had departed from him. The friends

friends of Aben-Humeya were importunate with the king to bestow on that young prince his beloved Arizapha, and Muley Abdallah, despairing of his favourite, consented that their nuptials should be solemnized immediately.

As for me, I underwent as much agitation as the princess herself, until the union was finally compleated. We dreaded lest the good sense of Abdoulraman should come to life again, and mar at once our policy and our hopes. This, however, did

did not happen, and Aben-Humeya became the husband of Arizapha. In a few days afterwards, the latter presented me with ten purses, each containing five hundred sequins, and the former gave me a diamond which was worth as much more. I was then restored to liberty at the desire of Arizapha, who confessed, as I was quitting the palace, that she owed her own good fortune to my diligence and fidelity. I laid out my money in a purchase of more diamonds from a Jew merchant at Granada, thus

I

rendering

rendering my wealth more portable: for I sewed the diamonds in my girdle. [Here, my lord of Marchie, the robbers looked pleased.] Soon after my departure from the kingdom of Granada, I met a Moor who was come lately from the royal city, and who informed me that Abdoulraman had recovered all his wisdom, and was wedded to a beauteous lady who had no objection to that quality. This intelligence was balm to my mind. It would have grieved me to have been instrumental to the

degradation of any man, especially of one so great and so magnanimous as Abdoulraman.

My primary object now was to perform the devotions which I owed at the shrine of Saint Jago de Compostella. This done, I took the road to Oporto, where I met with a vessel that was bound for my native country. I embarked, and by a prosperous wind was wafted to the Thames. At London I found my brother, to whose care I confided my diamonds, [here

the robbers looked grave,] and, having tarried for some days in that city, left him behind to transact an affair of merchandize, and directed my steps towards the ancient town of Chester. I had come thus far upon my journey, when, passing through this forest I heard the voice of melody. What followed is, I believe, but too well known here, to require any further narration. Here the pilgrim held his peace.

By

By this time the banquets and the pastimes were prepared, which were to celebrate the birth-day of Raymond. Previous to the repast, we took a turn in the grand hall. The Black Prince and I were together, when friar Matthew accosted us, beseeching that we would step aside, and favour him with our opinion of a little ode which he had written in the praise of Grammar. We assented to his request, and he produced the following verses:

Happy the man who well can hammer
 Into his head thy rules, O *Grammar*:

K 2

Art

Art thou not she whose voice dispenses
 The blessings of the moods and tenes,
 And with a sovereign grace can render
 Mankind expert at case and gender?
 But sometimes thou art called *Phylology*,
 And hast a sister, *Etymology*.
 Come, virgins twain, that *is* so bright,
 Lend to these lines your golden light,
 And let each paragraph be deckt
 With spelling pure, and phrase correct.

Here the Black Prince, interrupting him, observed that there was a false concord in the last line but three: for that the *virgins twain* were intitled to a verb plural, though the poet had put them off with a simple *is*. Whereupon friar Matthew looked uneasy: a
 transient

transient blush skimmed the surface of his countenance: he replied, in faltering accents, "that he was thankful—very thankful—for the—criticism." Nevertheless we could perceive, by the working of his lips, and the grinding of his teeth, that he wished the Prince of Wales in purgatory. The banquet, which was now announced, relieved my brother and me from the sequel of the poem, and friar Matthew from further chagrin.

I will not enter into a detail of the rejoicings which followed the repast. It is sufficient to inform you, that even the centinels who guarded the boundaries of our abode were partakers in this mighty carousal. And now night had obscured the heavens, and Geoffrey Chaucer, mindful of the important part which he had undertaken to act, left the pavilion unperceived. In what manner he proceeded I will relate to you in his own words, as he himself described it when we had accomplished our deliverance.

I dif-

I disguised myself, said he, in the habit of a minstrel, and, with my harp in my hand, explored that part of the forest where the centinels were posted. I found them sitting beneath the trees, accompanied by those damsels who were daily employed in beguiling the unwary passengers. At the appearance of a minstrel they sent forth a shout of joy: they obliged me to sit down amongst them, and to give a sample of my art. I played to their satisfaction; they eat, and drank, and made merry.

My chief end being to obtain some of that soporiferous liquor, I be-
thought me of enticing one of the
damsels to discover it to me. As
for Mirandora *the delightful*, she
was dead drunk ; but Ethelinda *of
the pleasant eyes*, who was only
tipsy, threw her arms about my
neck, and in a whisper swore that
I should have as much of it as I
could swallow. We stole away
from our companions ; she led me
through many intricate and thorny
paths, which terminated at a little
mount environed thick with trees.

Here,

Here, having lifted up a trap-door, she descended a flight of steps, and bade me follow her. I did so. We entered a spacious vault, where several jars were ranged in no unseemly order. This, said Ethelinda, is the liquor which you desire; here is a pitcher, fill it and drink. I drew off some of the liquor, and pretended to quaff; then filled the pitcher to the brim. This done, we ascended, and rejoined our companions, who were indulging in jollity unrestrained.

K 5 . . . I watched

I watched my opportunity to mingle with their beverage a portion of the sleep-creating draught. Its operation was sure and effectual. For, in a little time, the caitiffs were stretched powerless on the grass. I then seized their arms, which consisted of lances, faulchions, battle-axes, and partisans; these, with their targets, I carried to the neighbouring thicket, which my lord, the Prince of Wales, had appointed for the place of rendezvous.

Such,

JOHN OF GAUNT. 207

Such, illustrious Mortimer, was
the atchievement of Geoffrey Chau-
cer. To-morrow you shall hear
what consequences it produced.

K 6

VISIT

VISIT XXI.

ON the ensuing day the duke of Lancaster thus proceeded : Being, to our great delight, once more possessed of arms, we sallied forth from our place of concealment. Our numbers were not weak. For, besides our own party, many knights, who had
I already

already been made privy to the design, now joined us with alacrity. Headed by the Black Prince, we marched to the pavilion, where the patriarch and his followers were still occupied with their carousals. To prevent any struggle that might prove fatal to the unarmed, we had previously conveyed from the pavilion such weapons as the caiffes were accustomed to bring thither. We then with a mighty shout, that was re-echoed through the forest, cried out "Liberty!" The duke of Gloucester and Owen

Glendower,

Glendower, by direction of the Black Prince, enter the grand hall, and seize the person of the patriarch. The robbers cry, "To arms."

And now a grievous conflict had ensued, were it not for our precaution of securing the weapons of these miscreants. Raymond, mute with astonishment and dismay, surrenders without resistance to the duke and Owen Glendower. His followers, having searched in vain for their weapons, are struck with
con-

consternation, and apply for mercy. Whereupon the Prince of Wales, having first commanded silence, thus addressed the knights and others now restored to freedom: At length, noble strangers, by a fortunate act of policy, we have shaken off the yoke. Ye are now free to go whithersoever your occasions call ye. As for you, caitiffs, did ye imagine that knightly and heroick souls would long brook the audacity of your felonious domination? Luxurious outlaws! your merry kingdom is no more.

Justice

Justice already lifts the sword of retribution, threatening your forfeit heads. Nevertheless, as your iniquities are not marked with blood; as craft, not murder, hath been the instrument of your tyranny, I myself will interpose for the salvation of your lives, and soothe the offended majesty of my king and father. This for the vulgar herd. But what shall be said for you, Raymond, the late dictator of this virtuous community? You have not ignorance and low degree to plead. Born of

an

an august house, nursed in the lap
of science, a severer doom should,
in strictness of equity, await you.
Yet here again will I become an
advocate; your courtesy to your
captives, and your establishing, like
another Romulus, good order in a
den of thieves, shall be contrasted,
as rays of light, to the dark shades
of your depravity, and shelter your
grey head from the hand of the
executioner.

He ceased, and the repentant
patriarch, melting into tears, re-
turned.

turned thanks to the Prince of Wales for this instance of his clemency.

And now the glowing Orient summoned us to the field, and the rusticks who dwelt near the outskirts of the forest, informed of the change of things, flocked in crowds to the pavilion. The aged Raymond and his associates were sent, under a guard of peasants armed with their implements of husbandry, to the nearest prison, in order to undergo the animadversion
of

of the law. The forest soon after was destroyed, by command of my royal father ; it having served as a receptacle for robbers and outlaws. Lately, my lord of Marche, in travelling that way, I beheld the *campos ubi Troja fuit*, and sighed to think how few of all those of either sex, who were there assembled, various of condition, character, and occupation, are now existing, or, if yet upon the face of the earth, how altered they needs must be from what they were at that distant period ; their peculiarities

212 ADVENTURES OF

arities and follies past away, as a dream, and their very vanity worn out in the progression of time.

But to return to our company. The men were sincerely rejoiced to regain their liberty: the ladies, though they affected to be joyful, yet could not conceal from an observing eye, that in their hearts they regretted the revelry which had flourished at the pavilion, and lamented the dethronement of their friend the patriarch. At length a grand separation succeeded. Some resolved:

resolved on following us to the tournament of Carnarvon, amongst whom were Sir Humphrey de Waverley, and Sir Hubert. Friar Matthew took leave of us in the purest language; Sir Marmaduke and the squire escorted the lady Hermundura to the frontiers of her estate, and the ladies Philippa and Florinda, and the bold little girl, departed with their respective ushers to the castles of their weeping families. The pilgrim, whose object was Chester, accompanied us for a considerable part of our way,
and

and at length parted from us, with grateful acknowledgments for his deliverance.

We now took the nearest road to Shrewsbury, hoping to arrive thither early the ensuing day. No adventure occurred worth relating; till, at night-fall, we entered a wood, and, as there was no castle or convent near at hand, ascended a vast oak, amidst the boughs of which it was our purpose to repose. Our squires and coarfers remained at a little distance. The sky was
serene,

serene, the moon resplendent. Ere long we heard the trampling of horses. The duke of York peeped out, and gave notice that two damsels, mounted upon palfreys, were coming towards the foot of the tree. Whereupon we agreed to observe a profound silence.

The damsels alighted, and put their palfreys to graze : they then sat down by the trunk of the tree, and thus continued a conversation which their dismounting had interrupted : You cannot imagine,

my dear lady Matilda, said one of them, how much I am rejoiced to meet you ; since the severities of a step-mother have compelled me to flee from the mansion of Sir Philidore, there is none whose society can prove more welcome to me than yours. But you have not yet informed me what motive induces you to journey to Carnarvon. I beseech you to satisfy my curiosity. I will, charming Emmeline, replied the lady Matilda ; as we must wait here for my usher, I shall have time sufficient to acquaint you

you with my misfortunes. We are in a solitary place, where none can overhear us, so that I will unbosom myself to you without reserve.

The castle of the baron my father being much resorted to by knights and nobles, some to improve in chivalry, some for the sake of pleasure, and your Matilda possessing some little share of beauty, you will readily believe that she was not without lovers. I liked their affiduities, though I

VOL. II. L treated

treated themselves with rigour and disdain. I studied, in a manner, to be saucy and supercilious. It was my pride to walk down the great hall, or through the gardens, moving my head scornfully, my usher leading the way, and my long filken train sweeping the gravel with a shrill noise. Then, in general, when any knight approached me, with intent to utter something that was humble and heart-rending; it was as if he had been addressing himself to an image of marble.

Such,

Such, my dear creature, was my haughtiness, such my cruelty. My birth, my dowry, and my beauty would, I thought, atone for all. As you are a female, like myself, I open my heart to you without scruple. Amongst the many knights and barons who suffered by my frozen conduct, was Sir Redmond Fitzhugh, whose wealth and ancestry were equal to mine, and whose desperate passion was approved of by my father. I behaved to this knight with unheard of barbarity : it is true that

he was very worthy, but, however, I did not think him handsome. The mortifications which I caused him to endure, in the end impaired his constitution : his friends and kindred complained to my father, who thereupon locked me in my chamber for a fortnight ; and as a further punishment, I was a year without being taken to a tournament, or a ball. This was horrible. About this time also, I took notice of a knight, one Sir Bryan Fitz-Thomas, whose face and demeanour were a good deal in his

I

favour :

favour : he came now and then to the castle, to exercise in chivalry. They said he was a man of great merit. I thought I could be in love with him ; but he wore shabby armour, (Good lord ! how I hate shabby armour !) and that alarmed my pride ; though I learnt from my damsels that he could not afford better. So I deemed it advisable to disdain him.

But at length the day arrived, in which my heart, my proud heart, was to feel a mortal wound,

L 3 and

and my arrogance to be abased most hideously. I verily believe it was witchcraft. It chanced, then, that a knight of ample revenues and an illustrious house, and of fame and achievements above the rest of the knightly order, began to frequent the castle. He was entitled Sir Vortimer. He was of a fine size, and understanding; had the whitest teeth and the purest morals, a fair complexion and character: in fine, he had very good legs. Besides, my dear Emmeline, he wore such grand armour,

mour, and had so many vassals and retainers in his train, that I could dream of nothing else but Sir Vortimer ; I found that I was infatuated beyond all recovery.

Nor was it long till he perceived that he stood high in my opinion : he professed himself my slave and adorer, and this, you may judge, rejoiced me. Nevertheless, I had contracted such a habit of being insolent, that I could not for my foul behave well even to Sir Vortimer. But alas ! he was far differ-

rent from the rest of my admirers. He saw into my temper of mind, and, aware of the influence which he had acquired over my heart, was determined to torment me, and revenge his whole sex of the inhumanity I had shewn to them. Accordingly, my dear Emmeline, instead of appearing submissive and melancholy, (the behaviour I had been invariably used to in my lovers) Sir Vortimer, to my utter dismay, adopted the most perfect unconcern, and the more rigour I affected, the more cheerful he became.

became. This, you know, was insufferable. I was driven to my wits end. I strutted in the great hall, reddened, tossed my head, ran my finger round my ruff, coughed, yawned, looked mild, lively, inviting, solemn, filly, overbearing, humble. I was even civil to a knight or two, in order to make him jealous. But it was all ineffectual: (oh! I could have scratched him for spite) Sir Vortimer beheld me with the tranquillity of a Bramin. Upon this, I took to my chamber; grew peevish;

could not eat my supper, nor, indeed, my breakfast: my nurse and my damsels believed me in a dying way.

Another cruel stroke did I experience from Sir Vortimer, in the method which he employed to mortify my vanity, at public exhibitions. For he knew that I delighted in superb attire, and that I would fain have my lover the most gorgeous of human-kind. He had a friendship for Sir Bryan Fitz-Thomas, the knight whose armour

was

was so mean, and heartily repented my proud usage of that person. You must know, then, my dear lady Emmeline, that, when a tournament was proclaimed at any neighbouring castle, thither it was our custom to repair. There, while your Matilda, in her grandest array, would sit panting with proud expectation, of seeing Sir Vortimer prance over the lists, in his usual pomp and magnificence, (for he had three fine habergeons all flourished with silver, and a golden helmet bequeathed to him by his

grand-father) the perfidious, barbarous creature would sometimes appear in an old iron casque, that was so rusty, (oh! how rusty!) or with a target that was split in the middle, or with only one spur, and a steed that was very lame.

The last time that he appeared in this condition, I was so horridly vext, that I burst into tears, and desired to go home. My friends gave out that it was a pain in my bowels, though they very well knew the true cause of my disorder.

In

In fine, I repented of the love I had borne Sir Vortimer. Nevertheless his image haunted me day and night. I could not sleep: I felt that I laboured under a sort of fascination. I told my nurse that I was miserable. She, who was aunt to my usher, advised me to set out for the castle of Carnarvon, whither it was reported that Sir Vortimer was gone, with intent to be present at the tournament; adding, that Zacharias (so my usher was named) would not scruple to accompany me, if she once proposed

posed it. I listened to her counsel : Zacharias and I departed at midnight from the castle of my father, and directed our motions towards Shrewsbury, as our nearest road to Wales.

This evening, as we pursued our journey, an unlucky accident had almost prevented my further progress. My usher hath a way of looking up to the sky, whenever he walks or rides. Now the mule that carried him, choosing the greenward which borders on
the

the hedges, in preference to the middle of the road, fell suddenly into a hole, that was vastly deep indeed, and filled with soft cow-dung, and other odious things, laid up there, I suppose, for manure. The double weight of mule and usher occasioned their descending, till poor Zacharias was up to his chin. I was trotting on, thinking of Sir Vortimer, when I heard a hideous outcry from behind me. I turned about in haste, and beheld Zacharias incapable of extricating himself or his mule,

who, like him, had no more than her head that was 'visible. I laughed, I wept, I cried out for assistance; but the place was so solitary that none could be had. I then alighted, and, having taken off my girdle, threw one end of it to my usher, who by this time had contrived to disengage his hands, and, holding fast by a tree, exerted what portion of strength I could command in pulling out the miserable creature. At length he gained the margin of the hole, where the stump of a sycamore
lent

lent him its aid ; infomuch, that Zacharias was once more on dry land. His beast, now unburthened, ascended of herself.

Here paused the duke of Lancaster. The earl of Marche was forry ; but reflecting that the visit had been a long one, was content to wait until the ensuing day, for the remainder of the history of the lady Matilda.

V I S I T

V I S I T XXII.

AT the next meeting the duke thus proceeded : But oh ! lady Emmeline, continued Matilda, what a fight ! what a smell ! I was obliged to remount, and ride off to some distance ; thence, in a loud voice, I counselled Zacharias to speed to the next cottage he could

could meet with, and purify, if possible, his rayment and himself. For his beard, which before had been fable as a crow, and combed till it glistened like fatten, was now in such a condition, that it would have grieved the very soul of a Saracen to behold it.

But what is worse than all, and goes more nearly to my heart, is that my linen and other apparel, which he carried in a bag of red velvet, are rendered, I fear, quite improper for use. Ah! what shall

shall I do? I shall not have a petticoat fit to put on, nor a veil nor a ruff, but what stinks like a dunghill. Hew! chew! chew! [here the lady Matilda shrugged her shoulders very high, and shivered, as persons do, when they say that their flesh creeps; she also made sundry wry faces] Moreover he lost his staff of ebony. I wish he were come, for, my dear, it waxes late, and forests are dangerous places. Full of Hermits. Scarce had she made this remark, when a bough, on which

Owen

Owen Glendower was feated, gave a sudden and loud crack, (for Owen was a heavy man) and bent a little downwards. Blessed Mary! what is this? exclaimed the lady Matilda: nor did the damsels wait to consider whence the sound could have proceeded, but started up in terror, ran swiftly to their palfreys, and having mounted with great trepidation, galloped off, and, in a little time, were wholly out of sight.

After

After laughing at what had passed, the Prince of Wales, who was on a bough above Owen Glendower, leaned down to us who were in the lower branches, and propounded this question; Whether it was knightly of us to listen to the discourse of those damsels? I, said the duke of Gloucester, am of opinion that it was not: as true sons of chivalry, it became us to stop our ears, or go to sleep, on an occasion of that nature, and thus leave the secrets of the female heart unviolated. For my part, said the duke

duke of York, I know not what to call it. We were not evesdroppers, being up so high ; our hearing their conversation was, in truth, the effect of necessity. Right, cried Owen Glendower, and how could we have gone to sleep, (for my lord of Gloucester thinks we ought) when the tongue of the lady Matilda ran with incessant volubility ? You may term it unknighly, if you will ; but as the damsels were unconscious that we were in the tree, it is as if we heard them not ; and so I wish
them

them safe to the end of their peregrination.

The lord Ferdinand Fitzwarrenne, who, with the lady Barbarina, was perched upon a bough above me, declared from on high, that only for the cogent necessity of the case, our listening would have been an utter violation of the laws of chivalry. The pilgrim, being no knight, remained neuter. My own opinion, said I, exalting my voice that those above might hear me, is that the ordinances of
chivalry

chivalry are silent upon this subject. If we are culpable, for having listened to those ladies, I was equally so, in overhearing the histories of the two ushers, when the partition which separated us was incompetent to the exclusion of sound. Therefore was I under the severe dominion of necessity, and therefore innocent of unknighly behaviour.

The Black Prince observed, that the weight of suffrages seemed clearly to incline towards an ac-

VOL. II. M quittal.

quittal. But notwithstanding, said he, I will state what hath occurred to my mind upon this topick. With respect to the absolute necessity of the case, I must own that I have my doubts. Knights might have stuffed their fingers in their ears. [Here Owen Glendower exclaimed, that no man could sit as long with his fingers in his ears, as the lady Matilda had been talking: besides it was a painful posture, and he would not endure it for any damsel, he vowed to God. Owen was called to order, and the

Black

Black Prince proceeded.] It hath been alledged that there is no ordinance against listening. It may be so. Nevertheless, as knights, we are bound by the general and extensive rules of courtesy. Courtesy is our code, and a material branch of the institutes of chivalry. Would it not have been in us a most refined act of courtesy, to have shut our ears against the dialogue of those ladies? nay, would it not have proved a most judicious measure also? For thereby we should have remained ignorant of

certain female weaknesses, of which, as knights and lovers, it behoves us to know but little. I merely throw out this as an idea which struck me as not wholly irrelevant to the question now before us. For I mean not to vote against the respectable opinions of those who look upon the fact as neither ill-natured nor unknighly.

He ceased, and the question having been put, was carried by a great majority against the sentiments of the duke of Gloucester. In this manner,

manner, my lord of Marche, we not unfrequently employed ourselves, improving our understandings by salutary debate, and laying in a stock of polite and genuine eloquence.

The dawn now glimmered in the eastern heavens, inviting us to descend and depart. We set forward without delay, and entered Shrewsbury at the time of high mass, the day being Easter Sunday. As we passed by the Abbey, the sound of the organs enticed us to

go in. A monk, whom we met at the portal of the church, conducted us into the choir, informing us by the way, that a lyric composition, of which the lord abbot was author, would be performed by a full band, immediately before the sermon. As my memory is not weak, I think I can recite it to you.

HYMN

JOHN OF GAUNT. 247

H Y M N
TO THE
DEITY.

I.

FIRST of all life, thy glories let me sing
On wonder's eager wing :
O let a mortal fire
To heav'n's high vault aspire,
And rapture wake the string,
As when seraphic Moses sung,
Or strains prophetic flow'd from David's tongue,
While Judah on the musick hung.

II.

Affist me, sun sublime ;
Our Maker's mightiness display ;
O spread it in thy race thro' time,
'Till thine ag'd orb decay.
Tell it, ye stars, from pole to pole,
Ye planets, ring it as ye roll,

M 4

Let

248 ADVENTURES OF

Let the loud storm proclaim his praise,
 And thunder, as in ancient days,
 When the dark firmament was bow'd,
 And Sinai shook beneath the cloud,
 When on the wings of winds th' Almighty rode,
 And Israel fainted at the voice of God.
 Now let, my lyre, a loftier theme arise,
 'Tis he, 'tis he, whose sole-begotten flies
 To spurn embattled hosts, and shake the rebel
 skies.

Th' unaw'd archangel threatens the Sire,
 Up to the Highest dares aspire;
 Behold the Son fulfil
 Th' Omnipotent's dread will,
 While Heav'n's affrighted realms are melted at
 his ire,

III.

Swell, swell the note of praise, since fair Crea-
 tion then

For impious angels fashion'd godlike men;
 Creation's life-bestowing found
 Flew o'er the dire profound;
 The Cherubs sung " Rejoice,"
 Confusion felt the voice,

Old

JOHN OF GAUNT. 249

Old Chaos started from his throne again :
" Let Nature be," th' Almighty said,
An infant universe obey'd :
His eye all-seeing
Shot through being,
And wand'ring atoms into worlds were made.

IV.

But soon, ah ! soon 'twas lost to man ;
Sin ev'n in Eden's grove began,
And blood of saints at length down idol altars
ran.
Jehovah bade his tempests blow,
And furious ocean's floods to flow,
And whelm the beauteous work his hands de-
sign'd,
While angels view'd with tears the wreck of
human-kind.
Sing now reanimated earth,
And Nature's second birth ;
How oft his wrath by penitence was stay'd,
When holy priests and prophets pray'd,
How Israel scorn'd relenting grace,
Judea mourn'd her captive race,

Sitting

250 ADVENTURES OF

Sitting beneath her palms with streaming eye;
 In Babylon her sons have wept in vain;
 The silent harp was hung on high,
 Pale sorrow mus'd upon her chain,
 While stern Euphrates roar'd unpitying by.

V.

At length Messiah comes to brave
 The might of sin, and disappoint the grave;
 Death drops his dart before the pow'r he dreads,
 And earth in transport hails him as he treads;
 He comes, with triumph sweep the lyre,
 Re-echo, Heav'n's immortal choir,
 Peace, clap thy happy wings on high,
 He leads in chains Captivity.
 Now let more solemn notes be sung;
 Each sadly-sympathetic string,
 Assist Affliction's trembling tongue
 A martyr'd Deity to sing.
 On a vile cross-the world's Redeemer dies,
 Convulsive nature owns the sacrifice;
 In mute amaze
 The heathen gaze;

Thy

Thy son, O God, for human guilt atone!
Lo! he remounts to thy right hand, his throne,
And Earth, believing, cries Messias is thy own.

No sooner was the sermon concluded, than the lord abbot sent a lay-brother to invite us to dinner. We cheerfully accepted his kindness, (being all very hungry) and repaired forthwith to his apartments. A sumptuous repast was served up: we had not eaten viands so excellent since our departure from the pavilion of Raymond. The meats being removed, and the goblet in circulation, the discourse naturally turned on the lyric com-

composition which that day had been performed. It was a production, said the lord abbot, of my youthful years; I have often devoted my leisure hours to poetry. But of all the poems I have ever perfected, that which you heard to-day was, by reason of its being on a sacred subject, the least relished by persons of condition. Some *bated psalms*; others *did not believe in Christianity*. Amongst those of the middle class, it was received with more regard: *they* could endure a poem that was in
praise

praise of God Almighty. Accordingly I entrusted it to the execution of my singing-men. Nevertheless, continued the abbot, I meant it not for a psalm: but, having seen a piece of poetry in our English heroick measure, composed of certain passages from the prophet Isaiah, I was desirous of trying whether a selection of the like kind from the Psalms, and other parts of Scripture, could be accomplished in our lyrick metre; choosing for the purpose a form of stanza, (with
but

but a little alteration) that was used by a celebrated minstrel of the last age. Whether I have succeeded, you, noble knights, and the rest of the congregation must determine.

The Black Prince, who, notwithstanding his exalted situation, could lend a patient ear to a panegyrick on the Lord God, gave the abbot to understand that he esteemed the composition to have merit. The duke of Gloucester hesitated,
and,

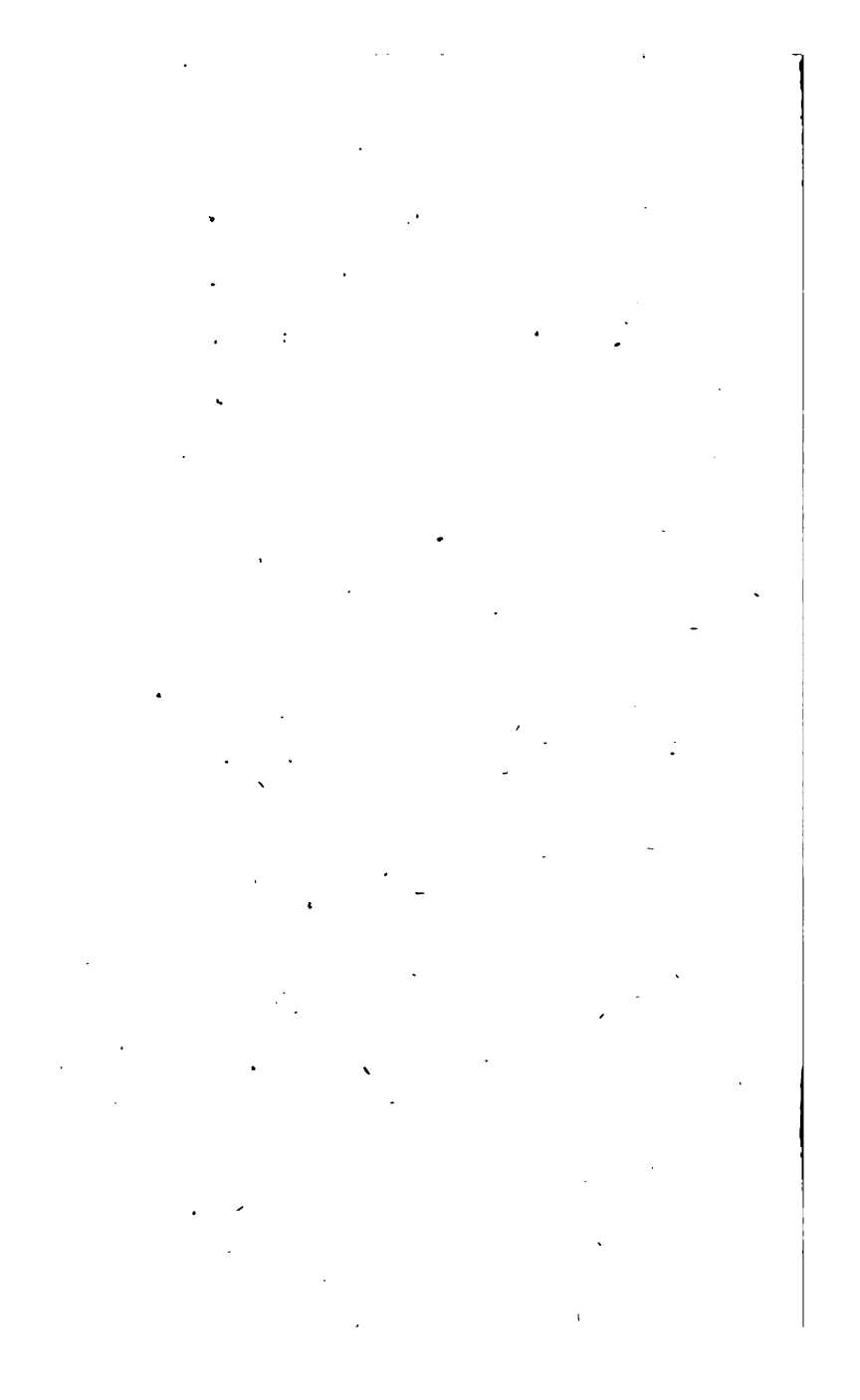
and, looking self-sufficient, remarked that it was *taken from the Bible*. But my lord of York, who, besides being too indolent to form a judgment of his own, made a point of agreeing in all things with his brother the Prince of Wales, declared that he deemed the poem to be a credit to the lord abbot. Owen Glendower said that he liked it well enough. The lord Ferdinand Fitzwarrenne thought that there were several good rhymes in it, and the lady
Barbarina

Barbarina smiling cried, that it was very pretty indeed, very pretty. As for Chaucer, the pilgrim, and myself, we coincided in opinion with the Black Prince.

Here John of Gaunt, arose to take leave of his noble kinsman, Mortimer earl of Marche; who declared himself thankful for what hitherto had been narrated, protested that his health had received benefit therefrom, (his bones being at ease, and his wound in a fair

fair way) and concluded with hoping that, in a few visits more, he would be able to quit his bed, and walk a little in the garden.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



V O L. II.

- Page 183, line 3, for "destiny," read "define."
- P. 214, line 13, for "coarfers," read "coursers."



MAY 29 1950

